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The Eye Opener

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VOL. 6, NO. 28. CALGARY, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1908. PRICE FIVE CENTS

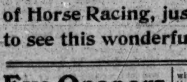
June 29 . **DOMINION EXHIBITION** CALGARY . July 9

You Eastern people are in plenty of time to catch the train and scoot westward to see the Great Fair. Opening Day, Wednesday, July 1, continues till July 9. Pack your grips! Industrial and Agricultural Exhibits from all parts of Canada. Seven days of Horse Racing, just as classy as at the Woodbine. Ample accommodation in the city for all visitors. Don't miss the opportunity to see this wonderful western country where wheat goes 45 bushels to the acre, and horses run the mile in .41.

Eye Openers

R. C. EDWARDS
Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription Price, $1.00 a Year.


CALGARY EYE OPENER
SAY, SAY, SAY! SAY! SAY! SAY!
SAY! SAY! SAY! SAY! SAY!
SAY! SAY! SAY! SAY! SAY!
SAY!

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CALGARY, ALTA.

SEPARATE Sealed Tenders, registered and addressed to the Deputy Minister of Public Works, Edmonton, and endorsed "Tenders for Land Titles Building, Calgary," will be received up to 12 o'clock, noon, July 15th, 1908, for the supplying of all plant, material, labor, and performing of all work necessary in the erection of a Land Titles Building in the City of Calgary, Alberta, to comprise the following:

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Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque to the amount of (5%) five per cent. of the tender.

The cheque of the successful bidder, if any, will be retained until the necessary security and bond is executed.

Cheques of the unsuccessful bidders will be returned three days after the execution of the contract.

The right is reserved to reject any or all bids or waive any defects.

JOHN STOCKS,
Deputy Minister of Public Works
Dated at Edmonton, June 23rd, 1908.

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If you trade use the wires at our expense.

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(Continued from Page One)

The Methodist Conference took place last week, when the chairmen of the various districts were selected and the final draughts given out by the committees. The Rev. Dr. Shaw, who was imported by the management at enormous expense, acted as Moderator, while the eminent journalist, Senator McGoggle, of Midnapore, was appointed secretary of the joint sub-committee on social societies. The Moderator, in a neat speech, voiced the sentiments of those present when he referred to the reports of the Lord's Day Alliance and the local Temperance and Moral Reform League he was pleased to report that everything was working smoothly. In his district all liquor licenses hitherto held by Conservatives had been revoked. Even Dave MacDougall was running a hotel at Banff to the glory of God and in the interests of the Liberal party. The bar was stocked with the choicest vintages and the young men were gifted that way to do their tail drinking at this canteen very much as some things at Banff. Mr. McGoggle had much pleasure in seconding the amendment to the Ten Commandments and endorsed the remarks of the previous speaker. In regard to the Seventh Commandment he might say that the chief difficulty in connection with it was in being found out, and, as some of those present were aware, even he, the speaker, had once been discovered in a somewhat compromising situation in a buffet. Fortunately, however, owing to the trend of modern thought, he had gained rather than lost in reputation and had been instrumental in obtaining for the lady's husband a job in the Immigration Land Office. He regretted that the previous speaker did not lay more emphasis on that absurd of all the old, play-out commandments, Thou Shalt Not Steal. How could a man get rich quick without

A DANGEROUS SQUALL.

stealing? What had Providence given as a heritage teaming with land, timber, minerals and white fish privileges for, if it was not intended to be used by the Liberals, for the Liberals and by the friends and relatives of the Liberal party? All Liberals were born to steal and, if not, why not? He paused for a reply. As to the Ladies' Aid Association, it was doing excellent and thorough work. Those ladies were regular contributors to the party funds, subscribing as much as $50 and $100 a month through the medium of the local J.P.'s. When it was remembered that these matrons each had a number of parasite progenies to look after their concessity could not be open to question. They were all right. It was confidently hoped that after the Dominion Fair at Calgary these good ladies would be in a position to appreciably increase their contributions, but in order to do so they should have the practical assistance of the young men, and from what he knew of the young men he could confidently say that the ladies could get it. (Cries of "You bet your life!")

The speaker resumed his seat amidst applause and the proceedings were brought to a close by the Ladies' Aid rendering the beautiful hymn, "Abide With Me."

* * *

Judging from the pictures the directoire gowns are neither artistic nor picked, so what on earth is there to recommend them?

* * *

"Did you ever see a 'roaring well,' sonny?" asked the wandering peddler, who was selling photographs of natural freaks.

The freckled lad on the fence grinned his broadest. "Did I ever see a 'roaring well,' mister?" he echoed. "Why, I reckon. Last week the old fellow tomcat chased a toad to the edge of the well and they both tumbled in. Then the dog tried to catch the cat, and he went in, too. Dad tried to get Towser's tail, tripped over the gray mule that was grazing by the trough, and they all went in together. Was that a 'roaring well?' Well, mister, for two hours, until the bunch was fished out, there was more roaring in that well than in all the earthquake predictors put together."

* * *

Eye had the best husband in the world—at that time.

* * *

Another dead-sure winner at the forthcoming Dominion election is Mr. C. A. Magrath, of Lethbridge. Conservative candidate in the Medicine Hat constituency. The extraordinary personal popularity of this gentleman throughout southern Alberta has endured for well-nigh twenty years, which, it must be admitted, is a long time to keep the unanimous goodwill of the community. Mr. Magrath's reputation was not of his own seeking. Like Mr. Carty, he was virtually pulled into it by political friends who knew of his exceptional qualifications for the task.

* * *

Mr. Magrath was for several years in the North-West Council, being one of Haultain's principal supporters. He was a good man, but only as a member a "good head," but also as being a man of sound judgment in the land of Mr. Western Blair. For several years he was mayor of Lethbridge, actually ousting himself in the House when the government deliberately sidetracked his home town, Strathcona, in favor of Clover Bar, with respect to the route of the G.T.P.

Dr. Clarke (Liberal candidate in the Olds constituency) will receive the earnest support of the Eye Opener because he has been a medical practitioner and is one of those clean, independent gentlemen of the wild neither graft himself nor stand for graft on the part of fellow-Liberals. He is not a city-contractor, widely known in political circles in England, he has been retaining his practice successfully for the past four years. His particular hobby is the tariff, on which he discourses with the usual familiarity that comes from a long and deep study of the intricacies of a complex subject. He is a free trader, favoring a tariff for revenue purposes only. He is therefore entirely worthy farmer will warmly concur. Dr. Clarke's position as an orator is not a bogus one. He delivers the goods. It were a positive sin to keep a man of Clarke's calibre out of the House, now that he has shown an inclination to enter it. In this particular constituency it will be quite practicable for Conservatives to sink their political prejudices and secure a man who is sure to make a name for himself in the councils of the Dominion. The country first, gentlemen. Party affiliation second, and the devil take pity himself.

And Frank Oliver (Edmonton constituency). All we have to say about our ex-minister's candidacy for re-election is that any citizen of Alberta who votes against him ought to be taken out and shot. That is what we think of Oliver, and we have known him a long, long time.

Then there are two candidates up in the Strathcona constituency, but as we don't know either of them it would be foolish to make even a suggestion. The gentlemen whom we have mentioned, however, we DO know—know all about 'em, and you can bank on our steer as the correct one.

* * *

But of all the various candidates in whom the Eye Opener is taking an active interest Mr. R. L. Richardson, the Friend of the Common People, is by far the most interesting. Richardson is out to defeat the arch-scamp, Jack Turriff, in East Assiniboia. Of course he will have the best wishes of every honest man—that goes without saying—but what he needs is the votes. Moral support does not win elections. It is votes, votes, votes, and again votes.

* * *

Personally, we should consider it a high crime against the country for any constituency to send a man like Turriff back to Ottawa. It is not as if he needed the job. His purse is fat enough, in all conscience. If, however, the Liberals of West Assiniboia feel that they MUST have a candidate of the Turriff stamp or bust, we will undertake to pick them out a nice smooth crook from the Edmonton penitentiary. There are two or three exceedingly able malefactors up there just now who would be delighted to take Turriff's place in exchange for liberty. Arrangements could be made with the Alberta government, for we they not Liberals also and do not Liberals hang together? Has been in the hour of stress? Turriff must be sent to the scrap-heap at all hazards.

* * *

Bob Richardson, as a publicist and as an active politician of many years' turmoil, has ever been consistent. Like William Jennings Bryan, he has "kept the faith," and is noted for never having made a pledge that he did not redeem. He has never known to take up any position in parliament or in his newspaper that was not designed to the public interest.

* * *

For nearly twenty years Richardson fought the fight of the Liberals in this country. The Liberal cause THEN seemed a just cause, but, as the Edmonton Journal pointed out quite recently, there is no true Liberalism today at all. "Liberalism stood for something in those days; today it stands for nothing that is respectable and infamous in politics." Richardson is independent to the core, and of high moral character. Being in the publishing business, he happens to know that this independent journalism has run his paper strictly and exclusively in the interests of the Common People, without the assistance of a dollar from party, clique or corporation.

* * *

The public may not quite grasp the full import of this last statement, but they can take it from us that a man who runs an influential newspaper suffers daily temptation at the hands of corporations and unscrupulous political cliques. Richardson has always remained steadfast by that large section of the western public who for years have placed implicit reliance on his guidance in matters affecting their interests. He has never thrown them down.

Mr. Smith, the Conservative candidate in Medicine Hat, would greatly increase his own prestige and accomplish great service for the state if he would withdraw and allow Mr. Richardson a clear field of action. A threecornered fight is always uncertain and in the mix-up it is just possible that Turriff might wiggle in. Which would be a national calamity.

* * *

Is that Laurier's swan song we hear bursting over the wires? That's a curious rattling sound, too. Oh, where oh, where, is Dr. Mason?

* * *

Our dear old college chum, Byron G. Walker, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce and son of old man Walker, has been compelled, owing no doubt to the financial stringency, to send out a bulletin without the customary lunch. How Mr. Walker was able to make a delphic utterance without a lunch, God only knows. He advises the people of the West to have a crop this year and also to exercise caution in expenditures. He fears that we may become inflated or puffed up or go in for some damfoolishness which may be detrimental to the interests of the great institution with which he has been so long and so honorably identified. (Hear, hear!). As President Walker views us we are not for a dime sociable time. Byron, missed the time of his life by not getting up a lunch for himself at Brasenar Lodge during the Fair, at which he could have told the members of Rowley's Light Horse a few of the many things he doesn't know about the West. What ho, Walt Street!

* * *

The provincial government is ringing the changes in great style on the Free School Book illusion. They are not free school books at all. The people of the province have to pay for them just the same; that is, if Premier Rutherford is not setting 'em up out of his own pocket. And not only do the people of Alberta have to pay for them, but they have to pay the money to the American Book Company of New York.

Patronizing Canadian Industries! Rats.

* * *

Moose Jaw, June 17, 1908.
R. C. Edwards,
Editor Eye Opener,
Calgary.

Dear Sir—Have noted your explicit exposure of the school book contracts of Alberta and Saskatchewan in the last issue of the Eye Opener.

I am not certain that you were aware last week of the relations existing for some years past between the American Book Company and the International Typographical Union. This company has been CONVICTED in the United States courts for bribery and other unfair practices in attempting to secure city and state book contracts, and has for years managed its mechanical departments under most unfair conditions. Last year the Cincinnati branch, known as the Eclectic Press, was put upon an eight-hour basis because of the weight of public opinion behind the printers' demand for an eight-hour workday, but for years the American Book Company's branches have been non-union, operated on 58 hour hours and lower wages than its competitors.

A copy of your paper has been forwarded to President Lynch of the I.T.U., and he will furnish you authoritative particulars regarding this matter which will interest the people of these provinces.

Organized labor will fight acceptance of these foreign books to the last ditch. I thank you warmly for your unqualified condemnation of these odious contracts. Sincerely yours,

ED. STEPHENSON.
Organizer for District of Saskatchewan American Federation of Labor.

(Continued on Page Three)

Midnapore Village

Lots for sale in the above thriving village, situate in the centre of probably the best agricultural district in Alberta. Price from $50 to $150 each. These lots are offered in pairs on the usual terms.

That desirable property the

Midnapore Woollen Mills

IS OFFERED FOR SALE.

This is a one-set mill in complete running order. A good investment for a practical man.

For particulars apply to

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REST

yourself who you have tired yourself out at the Fair. We have fitted up a series of furnished rooms which we cordially invite you to inspect, and we also invite you to make our store your headquarters when in town. Meet your friends here—write your letters—in short, we shall be pleased to be of any service to you whatsoever.

Calgary Furniture Store, Ltd.
F. F. HIGGS, Manager.

Do not Fail when in CALGARY attending the FAIR to Call on E. H. CRANDELL, No. 1 Burns Block, and Invest in some Calgary Real Estate, the Metropolitan City of the West.

E. H. CRANDELL, No. 1, BURNS BLOCK

(Continued from Page Two)

It gives the Eye Opener much pleasure to welcome back to his old western circuit that most accomplished actor, Harold Nelson. His year's rest from active work seems to have freshened him up and imbued him with an intensified histrionic spirit, his acting on this tour being of a very high order, pulsating, brilliant and singularly agreeable to the critical senses. An actor of Nelson's high-strung temperament, when he feels himself becoming stale from overwork, should go off on a fishing trip or get on a good big drunk for a week or two and get his mind off the immortal Spakesharve and the ineffable Johnny Hope. While it is safe to presume that Harold's high regard for Mr. Nelson remains undiminished, he may be gratified to learn that the public's regard for that gentleman has leaped forward with a bound. Harold Nelson has at last struck the path that leads to great achievement and his career will be worth watching.

* * *

It is rarely that the Eye Opener dwells at any length on the merits or demerits of visiting dramatic companies, but in speaking of the Nelson combination it is hard to resist waving a friendly hand to the charming leading lady—the best Mr. Nelson ever had—Miss Violet Eddy. She is young, temperamental, remarkably pretty, and gifted with natural dramatic talents. Her individual grace and high intelligence will carry her far in the profession she has chosen and the star himself is to be congratulated on his find. Miss Eddy, we understand, hails from Winnipeg, which is very extraordinary. We always knew that Winnipeg could turn out lots of bum politicians, and it does not seem at all natural for that city to send forth a fresh young girl who is bound to be classed with the highest type of our native actresses.

* * *

If the recent uproar raised by Major Hodgins brings permanent improvement in the management of the G.T.P. construction it will be a blessing anyway.

* * *

Constant Reader: No, the author of "An Unexpected Plum Tea" was not sent to jail for that reason. He got sent up for bouncing a man in Winnipeg.

* * *

The stranger within our gates may in the hurry and excitement of these time miss a great many of what may be called our points of interest. For instance, it would be a pity for any visitor to go away without having gazed upon the architectural beauties of our city hall. It is a fact not generally known that the architect of this magnificent structure died a violent death, having passed away in a fit of delirium tremens at the Mad River Cottage Hospital in a futile effort to escape the consequences of his crime. To see the city hall at its best the visitor should secure a ticket of admission to a meeting of the city council when Alderman Watson's gravity bf scheme is up for discussion. He will be sure of a good hearty laugh, especially when City Clerk Gillis, the humane instructor, is spinning around in his revolving chair, attempting to jolly both sides of the house at once.

The museum on the floor beneath is also worthy of a visit. Here we have homological specimens in case, ranged in all stages of emotion. The third degree is conferred here at intervals.

After seeing the city hall the visitor will naturally be attracted to the isolation hospital, which is built on the Graeco-Roman or catch-as-catch-can style of architecture. All the patients are delirious, owing to having beheld the building before entering.

Calgary's magnificent restaurants will immediately catch the eye of the stranger. The Dairy Lunch counter on Centre street, which vies with Mackie's in Regina, is the resort of our jeunesse doree, especially for afternoon-theater suppers. There is no doubt that this magnificent hostelry will be taxed to its utmost capacity and visitors are advised to order their private rooms considerably in advance.

The Tubercular Café on Ninth avenue, under the management of Won Lung, an Oriental chef formerly of the Ritz Hotel, London, is another fashionable resort. Won Lung has attained a national reputation for his famous "Ham-and," while his French filed pommes de terres au grease have done a great deal for our local cemeteries. One meal here will be sufficient.

Bachelor visitors to the suburbs will find everything they want at the Nose Creek Restaurant, which obtains its supplies from the Chicken Ranch, the well-known poultry farm. It would be just as well not to have anything here but a glass or two of champagne. The gardens, however, are very fine and large, though the scratching done by some of the old hens has spoiled many a pretty plot.

Another point of interest is the crematory, situated in the most fashionable quarter of the city, at the east end of Sixth avenue. There are, besides, several other places of interest in the immediate vicinity, which will be gladly shown to any of the city police or local guides.

Students of Scenology in its highest and noblest form will find great stimulus to study in a contemplation of the marvellous sleight-of-hand feats performed by Fred Adams at the Victoria. This is a continuous performance from 6.30 to 11.30 p.m.

For those who are fond of sausage a visit to the local slaughter house will prove instructive. In this connection, a visit to the Dog-show, on the Exhibition Grounds, next week, should be made.

In conclusion, for God's sake don't hire a hack, for it is sure to take you some place where the wicked never cease from troubling and the professors do the rest.

* * *

For Dominion Day the Canadian Pacific Railway Company announce a rate of fare and one-third for the round trip. Tickets on sale June 29th to July 1st, inclusive. Final return limit July 4th.

* * *

July 5th will be our annual Hospital Sunday and the visitors to the Fair cannot go wrong in giving something to those admirable institutions, the Holy Cross Hospital, the General Hospital and the Salvation Army Rescue Home, between whom the proceeds of the day will be distributed proportionately. Addresses will be delivered at Victoria Park by well-known citizens and no less than five bands have promised to take part in the proceedings. Visitors to the city will be spending money in many various ways, and everyone who gives something to the hospitals will feel all the better for having done so.

* * *

It was at one of last year's fairs and the lady wanted to enter her dog in the dog show. She was uncertain what class to enter Towser, so she compromised by entering him in the female class. After the fair a friend asked her if Towser had gained any honors.

"Was he highly commended?"

"Oh, no, but he was highly delighted."

* * *

That Glasgow has not profited in sobriety by the introduction of the seven o'clock closing rule has been amply shown by Chief Constable Stevenson's annual report, which indicates an increase of drunkenness during the last twelve months.

A important police official, discussing the subject, said that during the last year 21,953 persons, or 26.1 per thousand of Glasgow's estimated population, were apprehended for drunkenness, and 14,285 of these were convicted. To get anything approaching these figures they had to go back to fifteen years. He was sorry the official figures bore out the highly colored pictures of Glasgow's Saturday night "drunks," because one-third of the total apprehensions were made on Saturday night.

A publican said the only effect of the restrictions had been to increase the number of clubs and shebeens.

* * *

The inquiry into the Marine and Fisheries Graft has been postponed until September. In view of the startling revelations of corruption which were reluctantly unfolded by each succeeding witnesses, the government did not dare allow the investigation to be continued until the public had had forgotten what it already knows.

* * *

To the chagrin and dismay of the Liberals at Ottawa the statements of Major Hodgins as to over-classification (that is, graft) on the G. T. P. construction, have been corroborated by Mr. R. A. Woods, the assistant chief engineer for the Grand Trunk. He has written to say that, at the eastern end of the line, common earth excavations and even the removal of sand are being charged for at solid rock prices. Vast private fortunes were also in course of construction.

* * *

Engineer Woods says in his letter, "These over-classifications are not made through error in judgment, nor upon the decision of the resident or division engineer, who are fully acquainted with the character of the work, but by arbitrary orders from the superior."

(Wouldn't that jar you?)

The over-classifications, as mentioned above, increasing the cost of the work

Old Cush has fixed up an ingeniously contrived artificial arm, with glad hand attachment, for use in his next campaign. The hand closes automatically on the paw of the doubtful voter, gives a few violent shakes and then drops back to the side of the wearer. It will be on exhibition at the Fair.

to such an alarming extent we most seriously protest, and respectfully request that either yourself or the assistant chief engineer visit the work and pass judgment."

This important official, discussing the subject, said that during the last year 21,953 persons, or 26.1 per thousand of Glasgow's estimated population, were apprehended for drunkenness, and 14,285 of these were convicted. To get anything approaching these figures they had to go back to fifteen years. He was sorry the official figures bore out the highly colored pictures of Glasgow's Saturday night

A washerwoman applied to a gentleman for work, and he gave her a note to the manager of a certain club. It read as follows:

"Dear Mr. X—This woman wants washing."

Very shortly afterwards the answer came back:

"Dear sir—I daresay she does, but I don't fancy the job."

* * *

We opened one of the Morang-New York readers the other day and the first thing we saw was our dear old stand-by, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Why is it that this poem is d'aned into generation after generation of young Britishers when it can serve but to emphasize the gross stupidity and blundering idiocy of the average British officer? The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava is nothing to be proud of—it would be much better to cut it out. Why don't Poet Laureate Austin fix up a poem commemorating the innumerable captures of the Imperial Yeomanry by De Wet? What is he paid for? The idea is the thing, but the subject would be more modern.

* * *

Being charged with extravagance in the administration of the Indian Department, the Hon. Frank Oliver said that "it was true that the total cost was two dollars for every dollar that went into the pockets of the Indian, but that was because the money could not be paid to him directly but in the form of medicine, etc."

Let the poor Indian at least indeed feel grateful to this paternal government when he approaches the "Medicine Man" for his money grant and is handed a box of calomel, a packet of Epsom salts and a bottle of quinine powders, for the purpose of loosening things up a bit. Perhaps it might do the Indian a little more good to take a little of their own medicine.

* * *

President Falconer, who recently visited Calgary on his return home from England, was loud in his praises of our magnificent city. He said that the progress made in this place was quite a revelation to him and he considered the streets quite fabulous. There being no streets like them anywhere else in the world. Addressing a large and representative audience as the train pulled out, the venerable president, who had evidently been dining with Old Cush and other roisterers, waved his hat, shouting "Thanksforlight! Vive la Calgarie! Vive la Jog Waggon! Toujours la Racquet!

Well, the Rowley-Cross-Hutchings aggregation were turned down in great style at Medicine Hat, for which we think the Eye Opener is entitled to some credit. The opinion of the convention proved to be that if the provincial government guaranteed the bonds of Mackenzie and Mann they might just as well own the road and incidentally dictate terms as to freight and passenger rates. Our dear old college chum, Billy Georgeson, was the only representative from Calgary who showed he had any sense.

* * *

There is quite a plethora of ministering to mankind's spiritual needs in fence and shouting that Dawson City has always been the most moral city in the world, with the possible exception of Sodom and Gomorroh. One must always remember, however, that Methodists are not the best judges of morality.

* * *

Dr. E. McSwaligan, the rising young Assopaltho who recently graduated at the University of Cootoks, performed his first major operation last Tuesday. In order to provide a suitable case for the trying ideal, the brilliant young surgeon took six or seven bottles of hard liquor into the system and on entering the operating room felt quite ginned up. The victim was a fat man from the north who had been lulled into insensibility by chloroform and was being operated on for the Cremstorium, which has now become so popular with the faculty. As the Collegian worked he was most critically for a few moments and in the end he decided that the best thing he would hawk out that appendix or bust a gut. After carefully washing his hands in a bichloride solution he reached for the knife and commenced to cut around the operating incision, wondering from which side he should begin. The nurse eyed him uneasily, for she knew that a couple of horn of Scotch would bring him up to championship form, and he forthwith despatched the nurse for four ounces, which he sent down his throat to overtake the Colchicum with as little delay as possible.

Poising the knife in the air, Dr. McSwaligan bent over the unconscious victim and proceeded to stab him several times in the abdomen. Into the gashes and rents he dived two fingers and a thumb and rummaged around the bowels for several minutes as if in search of lost property. At this juncture the nurse hurriedly drew the attention to the fact that he had cut into the wrong side. Whereupon the doctor nonchalantly remarked, "By Jove, so I am!"

Moving round to the other side of the table, Dr. McSwaligan once more ripped open the patient, whose front view now looked like the terminals of the Soo line. Visitors to the city will recently began to show symptoms of returning consciousness, seeing which the doctor turned over the job and then breathed into his face. The unfortunate man at once relapsed into insensibility.

With the aid of another nurse Dr. Mcswaligan then proceeded to sew him up roarselves, I'm through with him. Where's my fee?"

Dr. McSwaligan swept from the room and went down town to read a paper on "Appendicitis" before the local Medical Association.

So the Winnipeg bunch that thought they were experts in handling the girls on the row have finally admitted they are beaten! Well, well. We thought that they didn't come to this decision a moment too soon. Now little Jimmy Ashdown, who, by the way, knows about as much about handling the slimy blondes of Pacific avenue as any other old right-wad who never turned loose of a cent in his life, has declared that the police commission must at once devise a new scheme. Of course. To be sure. Why certainly. It has been several years since they concluded down at the Peg that the red-light district was a bad thing and put the lid on. This silly move was the solution of the social evil by a lot of bum city fathers. A delegation of them called last week on Jimmy, however, and told him that the town was rotten and that a new deal would have to be made. (Sure thing!) It seems that the girls have honeycombed the best districts of the city and while the municipal fist keeps them moving, they keep going in a circle, and new "rooms to rent" signs appear regularly in the respectable flats. Oh, dear, dear, it's too dead bad, isn't it?

* * *

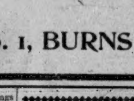
That merry widow that the Winnipeg papers have been gaily advertising to during the past three weeks was a sample of the way the soiled girls cleaned up the town in spite of the police. In this case the fashionable Broadway flat district was invaded by a bevy of beauties from Minneapolis, a striking brunette in particular attracting marked attention. When she suddenly moved away one night she carried a full lid closed to choke a penguin. $1,500 of this roll belonged to a well-known Main street jeweller, to say nothing of diamonds he had "loaned" her valued at $1,000. Threats to get her back from Minneapolis have produced nothing in the way of a sensation at present, because the Johnny boys who lost their rolls don't dare swear to an information.

* * *

This is a great world we live in. The baritone who backed Ham Hunt of late years to two a minute. It formerly was only one.

(Continued on Page Four)

At the Sign of the Grey Horse



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The Smart Bag Co'y
Three BUSHEL OAT SACKS
Three BUSHEL WHEAT SACKS (For Alberta Red)
Two BUSHEL WHEAT SACKS (Lion's Head Brand)
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Offices: New Herald Block, Calgary.
P.O. Box 22. Telephone 85.
Telegrams: Nolan, Calgary.

(Continued from Page Three)

The following came to us enclosed in an envelope from Montreal, with neither letter nor signature:

We have no standing army in Canada, but we have a Standing Disgrace at the head of our Militia.

* * *

The provincial government has maintained dead silence since the Eye Opener's exposure of this rotten piece of work of having the school books of this new province printed and published in New York, as if it couldn't be done quite as well in Canada with Canadian labor. The government may keep as silent as it likes—disgrace suggests this course—but before next election it had better devise some plan to pacify and placate organized labor. The American Book Company of New York, which is the real and actual holder of the iniquitous ten-year contract for publishing the Alberta and Saskatchewan school books, is a non-union outfit and in rotten standing with the International Typographical Union.

* * *

Premier Rutherford would be perfectly justified in cancelling this contract, on the ground that he was misled by Morang and thought the books were to be published in Toronto.

(They could just as easily have been published in Calgary or Edmonton, of course).

If Dr. Rutherford would only take the bull by the horns and cancel the contract, there might be some chance of finding out how much graft money was paid out by the American Book Company, and to whom it was paid.

* * *

The friends of the provincial government are already framing excuses. They sidestep the question of diverting Canadian industries to the other side and putting our good hard cash into the pockets of an American book company of evil repute. They sidestep that and trot out a lot of balderdash about "plates" and "copyright." This won't fool anybody worth a cent.

* * *

As regards plates, all a printing outfit has to do when they get the copy for a work like this, is to electrotype it page by page. Then they can keep the plates for years and turn out books by the thousand at a moment's notice. Since electrotyped, the only expense lies in the binding, paper and ink. All this could have been done in Winnipeg, until Calgary or Edmonton is time to get in an electrotyping plant.

* * *

As for copyrights, Morang has none at all. He simply pays for the right to reproduce the poems of one or two dead poets. We could have done that just as well and without any rake-off for anybody.

* * *

Besides, wherein lies the necessity for having copyrighted stuff in our school books at all? Is it absolutely necessary that every child should know the history of that silly young ass, who, instead of going home to his mother, remained standing on the burning deck and got burnt up in consequence? His father, who seems to have had a little more sense, ducked and lived to fight another day. This is but a poor object lesson for the young, and such silly twaddle might very well be replaced by some of the acknowledged masterpieces of English literature.

* * *

This brings up the whole question of the usefulness of the modern school readers, which were evidently compiled at least a century ago. There has been no change in the subject matter. What our grandfathers and great-grandfathers had to assimilate, the unfortunate kids of the present day have to try and assimilate also. No change. No advance. With all our vaunted Canadian educationalists and our much-lauded universities, we find ourselves unable to improve and bring up-to-date even our simple little school readers—because Morang's American company happens to have the plates! In other words, the education of the children of these two provinces is made subservient to the financial interests of Morang and the American Book Company of New York.

* * *

"Gracious," exclaimed the anxious mother, "why did the teacher tell you about the dreadful plants when she knew the stories would take your breath away?"

"Please, ma'am," responded small Tommy, "the whole class had been eating onions."

* * *

Well, the Ottawa bunch has succeeded in putting the kibosh on Mac-Hodgins. Now the next thing is to convince the people that they have not been bamboozled. They may stand for the muzzle that has been applied down east, but it does not go in the west. If Sir Wilfrid has the sense of a child he must have a pretty good idea as to a situation that is known to the average man all over the west, which is that the grafters and the horde of hungry contractors all over the country are getting full pickings without returning any value toward the completion of that National Transcontinental. Why, at the very moment Hodgins was on the stand at Ottawa trying in his feeble way to make good his charges of crookedness, the J. D. McArthur crowd which has a good thing on the line below Kenora was putting the boots to old Charley Davidson because he dared protest against a job that ought to make the whole country blush.

* * *

Davidson for twenty years has been connected with the C.P.R. He came up from the bottom and for years ran a passenger train out of Winnipeg. He stood the test of the Thiel spotters for years and commands the respect of every railroad man in the West. We mention this first to show that there must be something in the objections of crookedness when a man like this throws up a job paying him four thousand dollars a year—and remember, old Charley Davidson NEEDS the salary he was being paid to support his family. He must have known that Hodgins' fate was to happen when he balked on the graft going on before his eyes.

* * *

It was like this: A Grit grafter from Arthur, one of the business who are sucking the blood out of the colossal fund raised to carry out the Transcontinental plan, and a section of land just below Kenora, or, rather, the Canadian Northern Railway, which probably knew was needed as a sand and ballast pit, and sold it to the Commission for fifty times what it cost him. It was along side the C.P.R. and nominal to the right of way of the Transcontinental. McArthur made Davidson superintendent of a construction gang at this point and the latter naturally gave up his old job with the C.P.R. that he had held so long.

* * *

Davidson was told to run a track over to this section owned by the Grit grafter and get out the ballast for the McArthur contract. Scarcely had he put his shovel into the work when he discovered that the ballast was only four or five feet deep and worthless for two reasons, first, it was low land and the first June flood would put it under several feet of water; secondly, it was adjacent to a section much higher where the depth of the sand was thirty feet. Davidson's experience taught him clearly that it was work wasted to carry on the work at that point, and thinking he was doing the government a favor, informed the engineers of the mistake. He was told to shut up, that the place had been properly located by the government engineers and the only thing he had to do was to dig out the sand. Davidson grumbled a bit and had the nerve to say if the engineers located that sand pit there and thought it could be worked they should not know their business. But it was his bread and butter, so he got his steam shovel to work. At the end of a few weeks the engineers arrived and the section was a sea and unworkable. Instead of promoting Davidson for his effort to save the people's money he was given a call for talking too much and fired.

* * *

This is the price any man pays who protests against the jobs on which these bloodsuckers are getting rich. The fate of Davidson is supposed to be a warning to a lot of other men who might tell equally strong stories of graft on the National Transcontinental. For instance, in the matter of dynamite alone there is a graft of hundreds of thousands of dollars and what is worse, the collection of this graft costs dozens of human lives.

* * *

A Chicago powder company furnishes practically every dollar's worth of explosives used on this work and when it is understood that some blasts, single holes, use up a thousand dollar's worth of dynamite you can bet your life that it is a sweet and profitable graft. The highest price is being paid for second and third-class registered Powder that has been condemned by railway contractors on the other side is being unloaded in some mysterious way on the work along the line of the National Transcontinental. That accounts for the way workmen are being killed below Kenora at present. The McArthur gang killed over one hundred last year and crippled twice as many. In one place they killed a bunch of seven and only two weeks ago in Chambers' camp nine were killed outright. In every case experienced powder workers admit that they are unable to account for these fatalities UNLESS IT IS DUE TO INFERIOR DYNAMITE.

Let made the exclusive contract with the Chicago dynamite manufacturers? Is that long alone there is a story that will show graft rampant. The stuff is ordered in advance for the contractors by tons. One firm last winter below Kenora used forty thousand dollars' worth of powder a month. This shows the size of the graft.

See what a different story will be told on the B. C. contracts of the G. T. P. It will be different, for the contractors buy their dynamite where they will and they know they can't get powder men to handle work where they are killing two large a percentage of workmen. Besides, the good old Labor party in B. C. looks after its own.

All this sort of thing accounts for the cry going up in the west country between Kenora and Thunder Bay for men. These rough chaps who seek this kind of employment are scared to death of the McArthur and Chambers camps because of the stories of human destruction revealed from day to day. If the government commission on the square (a political impossibility these days) ever got down among these workmen and found out what they have to tell, there would be hell to pay.

* * *

This powder graft will no doubt some day be investigated. Too many coroner's juries are arriving at the same conclusion—bad powder. The howl going up in western Ontario will finally get so loud that Whitney will send a provincial government commission into the woods and the things they will dig up will force the Ottawa bunch to take the lid off. Then the whole monstrous story will be revealed and somebody will go to Jail for the job. Worse perhaps, some contractor may run up against a bunch of the dynamiters who have figured in several explosions and there will be a tragedy enacted in that remote section that will make western Canada sit up.

* * *

As a matter of fact, we believe in the West out little ice at Ottawa. Sir Wilfrid and his bunch pay more attention to one little kick from New Brunswick, Nova Scotia or Quebec than they do to all the screams the West can utter. But you can gamble that the gamble generally is beginning to take notice that the West has come to say and that the time is coming when they will make noise enough to force a hearing at Ottawa. If this tragic situation in New Ontario was being duplicated in the settled portions of that old province there would be a reckoning mighty quick. It is only because the New Ontario fever is being carried on in a remote section that such a hell of a job is being stood for even temporarily.

* * *

The English duke was asked to say grace at a dinner party. After digesting on his legs for a minute or so he finally said: "Oh Lord, thanks awfully."

* * *

We want all our readers who visit the Dominion Fair to take in the T. Eaton Co. exhibit. This great firm, celebrated for live-and-let-live methods, has spared neither expense nor pains to put up a show of Eatonian wares worthy of its reputation. The goods shown are the same as those described in their Summer Catalogue, and should give those who have never "tried" Eaton's an opportunity of seeing the kind of goods they sell and the kind of prices they charge. When you visit the Eaton Exhibit in the Main Building ask for Mr. Gunn, who is in charge, and he will be pleased to give you every information whereby you can get a run for your money when in a buying mood. Those of you who have been soaked the limit by Calgary merchants, pay special attention to this Eatonian part of the Fair. This business of a married working man "working for his board" is all played out. The Mr. Gunn (or Winnipeg) whom we speak of, is a brother of our old friend Guan, the popular depot agent at Banff.

* * *

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